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Don't piss me off, I'm running  
out of places to hide the  
bodies

## Adventures in parenting



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### Chapter 1 by Dark Knight Gwyn

In my years of being a parent, I've had multiple... difficulties in raising my children. Here are some highlights.

The science fair: Eric and Jane ran in through the door excitedly as I was napping on the couch. "Dad, Dad!" "What is it kids?" I asked as I slowly rose from my laid down position, and looked down to see two very excited nine-year olds beaming up at me. They didn't say anything, but shoved a flyer into my hands. "Huh? A school science fair? You two wanna join?" The rate at which they nodded their head would've made a bobblehead jealous. "Want to get your mom to help?" They shook their heads violently and pointed to me. "Me?" They nodded excitedly, I sighed, "Okay, but no baking soda volcanos, or potato batteries, or solar systems." "Why not?" Jane asked "Trust me kids, no one wants a science fair full of baking soda volcanoes, those just blow, if you get what I mean. No I got a better idea, but I'm just gonna give you instructions and supplies, do with those what you will." "Okay" They chorused. Oh my darling children. "Now let's see, we have a week before entries are due so..."

### ***Two weeks later***

*Now who's the jackass that chooses a baking soda volcano over reusable and self-sustaining electromagnetic wave emissions?* Now this was I thought, my wife Riley was a little more vocal

about after we were out of the kids' earshot. She went off for some fresh air while I stood off to the side and looked on proudly as they ran around the house, giggling all the while, even they only had a few minutes to play. I was having some fun. That is extremely rare for me. You had just used potatoes to make batteries. And there goes the fun. "Well you see Lisa, Eric and Jane are some

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pretty adventurous children, they're not fans of store bought projects. Though I suppose scientific pursuit isn't for everyone." "Are you implying something?" "No, no, just saying my kids are able to do advanced activities at a certain while yours, who is a year older than them has trouble doing much of anything." "Excuse me? My son did win the science fair" "Fight me Lisa" "By god, you've lost your mind!" She turned away in outrage and began to march toward her child. What I said next stopped her dead in her tracks, "I know what you did Lisa, I know that you made that volcano while Tim sat in front of the TV eating potato crisps. I can tell from the leftover traces of paint and mache on your hands, and don't try to pull that crap that it got on you while bringing it here, it was covered and so were your hands. Plus, let's be realistic, your son can hardly tie his shoes, let alone make a paper mache model of Vesuvius. Oh and at the next PTA meeting, keep those nasty sugar and gluten free cookies at home, no one wants that crap."

I walked back to Eric and Jane who were re-joined by Riley while Lisa stood stock-still attempting to ask something between 'What' and 'How'. The lesson got across well enough.

**Don't screw with the Greenes.**

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